MARVEL
PSR 35

WINICK
HENRY
MORALES

EXILES®

FANTASTIC VOYAGE 1 OF 3

LOCATION: NOWHERE
TIME: NEVER HAPPENED

In truth, *THE EXILES* now find themselves in a familiar ***limbo state*** that is neither *in* nor *out* of time.

They have returned to their ***place of origin***...the desolate, barren landscape where they first arrived and became the reality-hopping team they now are.

A responsibility they've ***reluctantly*** embraced.

A responsibility that was bestowed upon them by ***this man...***

THE TIMEBROKER. Their only guide to this strange new existence in which they live.

Sorry about ***that*** trip, kids.

On your last jaunt through time-space, it seems your little vampire acquaintance--Lord Kenneth Critchon--decided to give you guys a ***double-whammy*** on your way out of his reality.

He zapped you with a ***chaos spell*** that disrupted your leap to the next world, and subsequently, your next mission.

Your trajectories went all ***Swiss cheese.***

Consequently, you were all sent to ***different realities***...and actually... for different ***lengths of time.***

As I've stated before...the Exiles is an ***inexact*** process. A jump through time-space is as unpredictable as ***nature*** is.

And, sometimes, well... ***crap*** happens.

You only have a few minutes to huddle up before your ***next jump.***

Again, I'm ***sorry.*** These things happen.

"These things happen"? I'd kick his ***butt*** if he wasn't just a construct of our ***subconscious!***

My detour consisted of dropping into the middle of the ***ocean*** for about ten minutes. How 'bout you guys?

Oh, Heather and I only spent about an ***hour*** fighting ***Wolverine*** in his most rabid, crack-head, testosterone-laden state ***ever.***

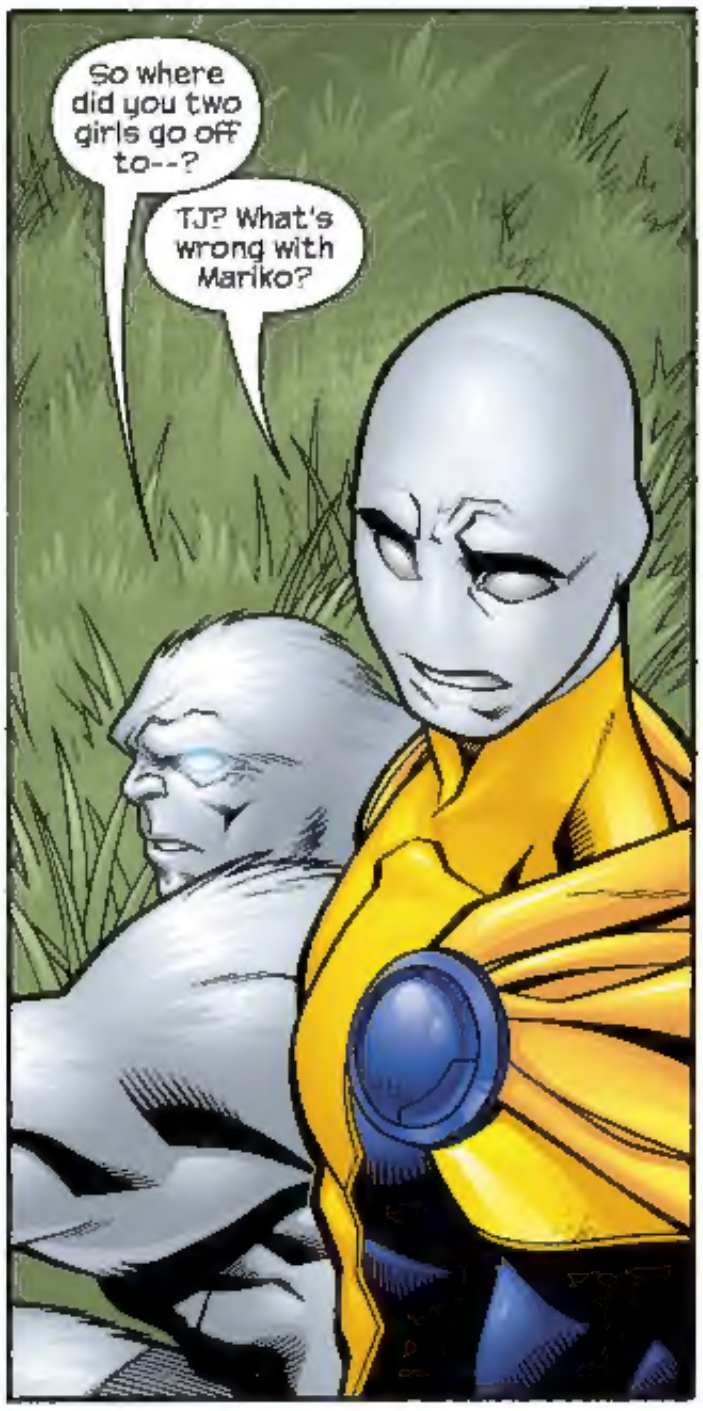
It was like a ***birthday party,*** except ***no cake*** and more ***blood*** and ***spitting.*** And all in ***Canada.*** Whoopee.

Try and ***not*** knock me out next time--okay, Heather?

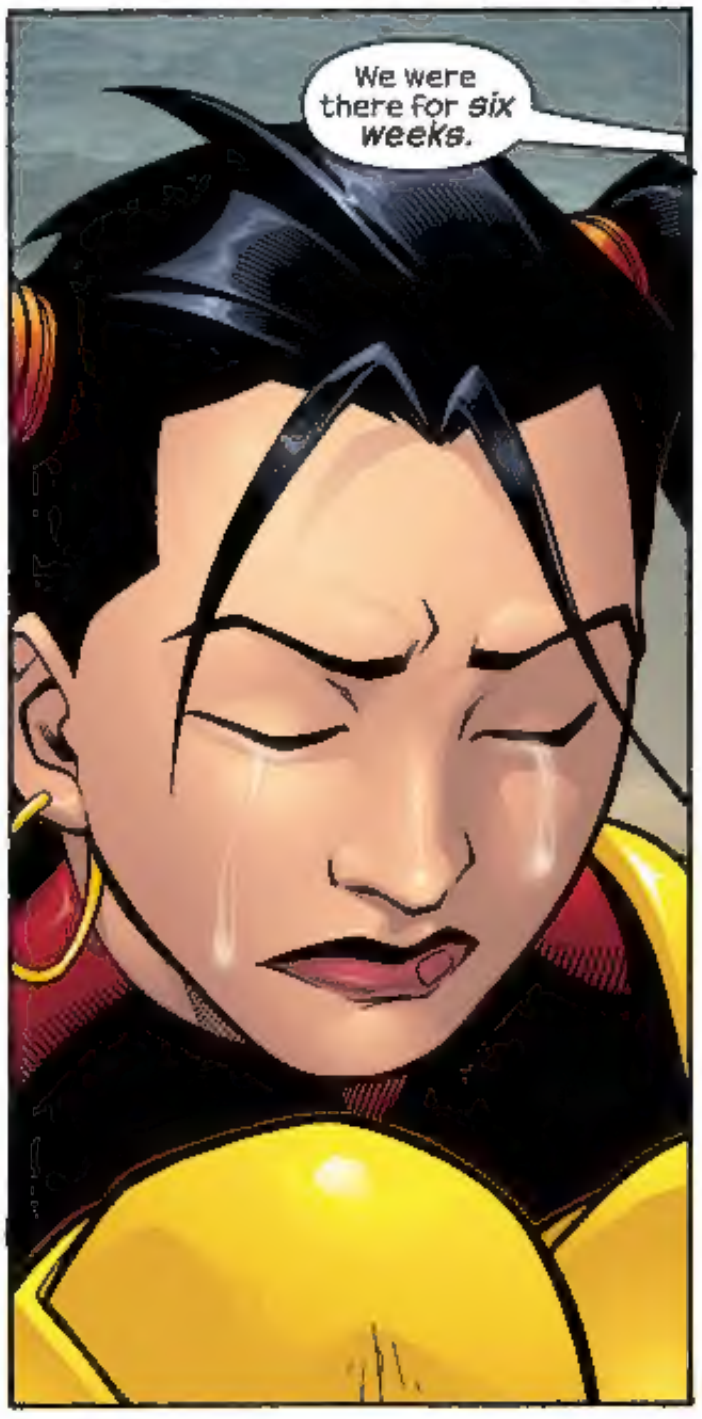
Sorry, Morph...I just didn't want you to--

I know... just ***don't*** next time.

AS CRAZY I WANT TO BE!


So where did you two girls go off to--?
TJ? What's wrong with Mariko?

We went back to the *Legacy Planet*, Morph. The Avengers have it completely under control now, you know.


We were there for *six weeks.*

Oh... oh, Mariko. Does that mean--

Mary and I...we...we had s-s-six weeks together...

...and I...and I just wasn't... ready to *leave* her...

Oh, Mariko...so what--

Don't, Morph. Just let her be. It's a long st--

Calvin?

Hey, gang. Good to see you all.

Calvin...where did *you* go? You... you look so--

I got sent to a version of Earth that had been completely overtaken by *The Brood*.

What's a *Brood?*

Oh, just the ***nastiest*** alien race you ever faced. Giant insects ***from hell,*** really.

They lay their ***eggs*** in humanoid hosts. The eggs then hatch and ***transform*** the hosts into...into one of ***them.*** Body and soul.

Oh, geez...so was the ***whole world--?***

All of it was ***completely*** inhabited by The Brood. I never found ***any*** other humans.

How long were you there, Calvin?

I...I don't know...maybe ***six months.***

Oh, Cal. I'm sorry. It...it must have been *brutal*... to be all *alone*...

Nah, it's okay. I took care of myself.

I'm a one-man *wrecking crew*, remember?

Okay, campers. Enough of the *Exiles Reunion Hour*. It's *showtime*.

BLOOOOO

Whu--?! Where are we going to *now*?!

OOOOOO

OOOOOOOOOOOO

OOOOOONK!!

Oh, just into a little piece of *super hero history*.

Hey! Bumpy!
Tight fit!
OH MY GOD!
Heather, what?
OH MY GOD
IS RIGHT!
We're on the first mission of the FANTASTIC FOUR!
Holy cats! Reed--we got hitchhikers!
Who exactly *are* you people? And *how* did you suddenly access our vessel?
Are they *stowaways*, Reed?
We'll find out *soon enough*, Sue darling.

Okay, *this* is a weird one.

Cal? What does the *Tallus* say? What's our *mission* with this one?

"Don't let anyone die."

Great. *Them* or *us*?

RAC TAC TAC TAC

No! You hear that, Reed?! It's the *cosmic rays!* I-I *warned* you about them!

Um, gang...? Does anybody *else* think it's a *real* bad idea for us to get exposed to *cosmic rays*?

I mean, it turned *this* quartet into some *super guys*, but we've already got our *plates full* as far as the super-enhanced DNA stuff goes!

CHOONK!

Levanas--natoo--retaa retaa levanas tarrok.

RAC TAC TAC TAC

It's an *absorption spell*, guys. It'll draw in any radiation and keep us clean--*I hope!*

Everyone stay close!

RAC TAC TAC TAC

Terebak' Natoo Terebak Natoo- BAK!!

RAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC

What in the *world* is she-- Johnny! What is it? What's *happening* to you?

I don't know, sis! My body feels *hot*-- like it's on *fire!* I I fee like I'm *burning up!*

RAC TAC-TAC TAC

Somebody else . take the controls... I can't handle the *ship* anymore .

RAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC

Still don t know what we're doing here, Cal

I do.

The *hull's* in trouble The ship's *breaking up!*

Hull breach! Reed-- we've got a hull breach!

Ben, try and maintain a steady course! I'll see if I can divert power to the

There's no time, ya big-brained idiot! This thing's gonna crack up before I can get her on the ground! We need

Maybe I can help with this! I'll line the entire cockpit with myself!

See? Safe!

Well, spank me and call me Alice.

Maybe later, big man!

Everyone brace for impact!

HWOOOOOOOM!!!

CRRR

FIFTEEN MILES OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK CITY...

that s *only* matched by the *amazing powers* you all possess

No one has seen abilities like yours since the days of *Captain America* and the *Invaders.*

Well, Dr. Richards, I d say that's soon about to *change.*

Yeah.. like maybe in about *five minutes.* Sue, how are you feeling?

My head is stil. *buzzing*...I suppose t's just the *adrenaline*

Adrenaline, *my butt!* I've broken the sound barrier *five times* and I've *never* felt like this before, Suzie!

It's that darn cosm c-ray belt you flew us into, Reed! You ve probably *killed us all!*

S so *hot*... can't *breathe*... oh, God...*so hot.*

It's okay, Johnny. The first time t happened to *me,* I burnt down half of my parents' house *Not* a good day

Just try and relax

First time... First time *what* happened?

OH!

WHOA!

What's happening?!

Another *flame thrower* gets h s wings

Oh, God. *Johnny!*

He's *combusting!* Quickly, Ben--

No! Reed, stop! The cosmic rays have just *altered* your genetic structure. You've all been--

Endowed with abilities *far* beyond mortal men *Fantastic* abilities you might say!

I--I'm *disappearing!* Reed, *please*-- help!

It's okay, Sue. It's okay That's *all* you, girl. This is the first step

But maybe this time you should call yourself the Invisib e *Woman* right from the get-go

This is so *weird*...it's exciting in one way . to witness the *birth* of the best of us .but at the same time

It feels *voyeuristic*. We.. we just *shouldn't* be here. This was a *defining moment* for them. For good and...

I guess for *bad*, too.

Amazing! Are these effects *permanent*? And you said it's on a *genetic level*...are you *certain*?

I honestly couldn't tell you, Dr. Richards. Where we come from, you folks have these powers for the *rest of your lives.*

Oh, *man*... here it comes for Ben Grimm.

Poor Ben . he was always such a *good guy...*

I can relate on some level I know what it's like to *look different,* but at east I coud always . *hey...* that s...

That's *odd...*whoa-- *WHOA!*

uh-oh.

Oh, man!

Cal! TJ!

Gang! Hey! Everybody!

What *is* that *THING?*

RRRR

RRRRRRRGGH!

BRA AKO OOM!

Calm down, big boy! If you're in there at all, Ben, you *gotta* know that you're among friends!

ROOOARRRR!

WHA-BOAAAM!

Ben-- *please* stop this at once! Let me *help* you! This is *my fault* and I will do *everything* in my power to return you to--

AAAH!

AARRAAARGH!

All right, Exiles. We're past the point of *reasoning* here!

TZOOOT

HWOAAR

Take him down!

Yes! I have ***always*** wanted to know if my soulsword could cut through his hide! Let's hear it for wacko ***alternate worlds!***

KA-CHUNG!

Hey--***psycho witch girl!*** Try not to have ***too*** good a time!

We're trying to shut him down long enough to get him some hardcore ***medical attention!***

WHAAP!

But *he* doesn't seem to *know* that!

WHA-BAAAM!

AAAARRRRGH!

GRAA-AANG!

BLA-

AAM!

Oh, brother...did you get the number of that orange, rock-plated *truck*? That *hurt*. And I don't bruise easily.

Well, *I* do. I think Mr. Grimm cracked a couple of *ribs*.

Hey, Mimic! *Cal*?! You okay?

He *really* laid into you. His rock hitting your organic steel sounded like a *building collapsing*!

I'm fine, TJ...I'm fine...

...I just need... need a minute for my *healing factor* to go to work...

...how are the others?

The *Exiles* only have a few cuts and bruises...but the FF seem *really* shook up.

It's tough to imagine them as *rookies*, but I suppose they aren't *used* to this sort of thing yet.

So where's *Grimm*? We have to take another shot at him before he gets to a *populated* area.

I think we may be a little *late* for that, Cal. He was heading east... and *fast*...

"...straight for *New York City!*"

RAARRRGGHH!

TO BE CONTINUED...